

## CLOAKED AS PANACEA FOR WAR SAYS LATTA

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of internationalism are turning a very great number of minds away from the league idea. If Americans would bring themselves to study the proposition from a practically standpoint, uninfluenced by partisanship, it would almost instantly cease to command the support of any considerable number beyond the comparative breaking down of all national confessions who quite frankly stand for the internationalism. Their number is so small, and the enthronement of not great, it will be found, but if the issue can once be reduced to a practical plane, but they are noisy and persistent. Conspicuous among their number will be found such like Henry Ford, who considered the display of the national colors about his business places absurd and obnoxious, and it is said without pleasure, unquestionably our president, who is the most conspicuous and isolated internationalist in America. I am stating this as a fact, a most lamentable and humiliating fact, not as idle criticism.

But the serious trouble is in getting a large number of our people to study the issue at all, or if they do, to bring it to a practical plane. The air is filled with strange trumpeting, and as a result people have their eyes turned towards the empty heavens in search of something they know not what. Where their feet are leading them they do not know, neither do they seem to care. They have been told a new day has dawned; that old boundaries have disappeared; that a new force is abroad in the world changing everything. And intoxicated with this new evangelism, they dream on and drift.

Oh, for an old-time patriot whose voice would carry in preaching the doctrine that was once our most cherished possession!

**Reviews Are Quoted.**  
Let me quote briefly from a half dozen serious articles in one of the leading reviews of the day. The issue is recent and the authors are accounted among the learned men of our time.

Nothing will be just as it was before the war, nor even our souls. We live in a wonderful time. The dreams of centuries have become a reality. Great oppressive empires have passed away, and upon their ruins have sprung states full of young, buoyant life with new hopes and promises.

In America we are beginning to realize that a new day with other changes in national policy, which the war has produced, will come significant changes in education. A miracle has been wrought which is perhaps without a parallel in history.

British and American democracies have joined hands after a hundred years and more of quarrels and bickerings. It is a thing worthy of celebrating. It is perhaps the second greatest thing that has come out of the war.

Turn to any of the leading periodicals of the day and you will find it all but filled with similar amazing utterances and references. The same tone is apparent in the spoken word. The churches are engaged at the moment in a work of orientation, which, if it means anything at all, means a confession that the religion which has been preached for generations is faulty. Dr. Lowell, the great educator, sneeringly admits that Washington's advice was good enough in its day and adds, "But so were the Ten Commandments; the unescapable inference being that both have

become archaic and no longer entitled to our veneration.

**New Force! What Is It?**

What is this great new force? Where is it? Name it. Define it. Locate it. Apply it to the problems of the individual and the nation—show that it is being applied, or cease to prate hypocritically about it. That is the challenge of the man who has managed to preserve the proper sense of values.

Before the war had come to an end I heard much being said about this new force, how the world was changing, and how when it was all over and the boys came back it would be to a new world they would return. And I came to look about to discover if I might some signs and tokens I very earnestly attempted to ascertain just what this great new idealism was how and where it was working, and in what manner it would affect my life and the lives of those about me. And I could discover nothing new. Not a thing! Nor have I, except the fevered hysteria of those who having suddenly found themselves able to make a sacrifice in the face of great danger, have lost all sense of proportion.

The phenomena I discovered seemed new to us as a nation because it had not been called into play in many decades, but it was not new to the race. It was nothing more than the herd instinct for preservation, chilled with fear in the face of danger, and forgot everything but the first law of nature—self preservation. So we herded together and turned our backs to the foe precisely as have the animals of jungle and desert and sleep at the moment. That first and most compelling law of nature animated and controlled us to the exclusion of most every other consideration. And so it came about that we did some very noble things as well as some very despicable things.

It will do no harm for us to be very honest with ourselves occasionally.

**When the Boys Come Home.**

Over yonder the boys heard this great change and indeed they read about it in a press that seemed inspired by celestial revelation. They knew that their feet were on the ground; that the work they were engaged in was of the most practical kind in which love and hate and the other passions and virtues had their places, but if they were to believe their eyes and ears "back home" was a changed land indeed, and they longed to return that they might become partakers of the new dispensation.

And now that they are returning they find—what? The same old problems that have confronted man from the first moment that he set foot outside his cave with a stone club in his hairy hand, the problem of satisfying the demands of the physical organism. From a mental posture wherein he reclined on the edge of a coral-pink cloud twaddling his feet in the ambient blue, beautiful cherubim, serving long glasses of something ice-cold while he read the heroics of the great war by the light of a star, he has suddenly been tumbled into the herd and told to take care of himself. All over this land these boys are groping about trying to readjust themselves to the primal necessities of man; trying to make conditions as they find them synchronise with conditions they have been led to believe existed.

The equality of man remains a conceit of the constitution practiced nowhere outside the hut court.

Against these preachers and preachers of the new order, this great new force, this changed world and new humanity, my indignation is boundless. They have aroused the desire. With mouthfuls of unrealistic and impossibilities they have succeeded in creating an appetite, then made that appetite by offering it the pale moonshine of idealistic theories. They are the missionaries of utopia and bolshevism!

**Physical World No Better.**  
Many oppressive empires have passed away, but it remains very much a question whether either the spiritual or physical world is better for that fact. At the present moment it would seem that with the oppressive empires went every vestige of government and respect for law and order, and those minds that can discover in the existing chaos the so-called "young and buoyant states" anything desirable for America are certainly not the minds to direct our destiny.

I hold no brief for the ancient houses of Europe nor their methods of government, but what order, practical mind can prefer the Russia of today to the Russia of the past? What man who believes in the three great virtues of our own country industry, thrift, discipline, can see the slightest justification for or remotest virtue in bolshevism? It is assumed that every citizen of this republic would like to see just such a government as theirs over every people of the earth. But what evidence is there that any people not now possessing it is capable of maintaining it? None. It is a maxim in which I believe with all my heart that every people, as a rule, have as good government as they deserve. If the mental ground is capable of sustaining liberty and representative government, he as a rule, have as good government as they deserve. If the mental ground is capable of sustaining liberty and representative government, he as a rule, have as good government as they deserve.

I ask again, where is this new world we have heard so much about, this new order of things, this metamorphosis of human nature? And answer because no man can point it out as an existent, tangible reality, that it is the figment of a visionary brain; the fanciful phrase of a great phrase maker. It simply does not exist, time is almost persuaded to call it insubstantial, hypocritical cant. Hypocritical it may be, but it is not insubstantial. That is the pathos of the tragedy of it all. The preachers of this new order really believe in it.

Are such men to fix our international status for all time? Can our representatives at Paris tread the clouds of imagery and at the same time safeguard our interests among the wily, cross materialists of the other nations foregrounded there?

**Sound American Viewpoint.**

A very celebrated writer went to Paris a time ago. He had been bitterly opposed to the president's leave-taking. Washington for the French capital. Soon after getting over his writing took a different tone; he had become saturated with the European viewpoint, and he said President Wilson's decision to attend the conference in person was a wise one and justified by events. But after four months of watchful waiting on the Seine this writer seems to have finally thrown off the fever. He is back at the sound American viewpoint. Recently he said:

The inability of the conference to reach a decision may be explained by the fact Europe, under the impulse of President Wilson, first adopted a set of abstract principles and then tried to arrange living facts in accord with dead moralities.

It is this attempt to arrange living facts in accord with dead or non-existent moralities that is breeding the discontent and chaos of the time. Doctor Lowell pleads the statute of limitation against the teachings of George Washington and Jesus Christ. Our president, the representative of humanity at Paris, amends the preamble to the constitution of the United States by substituting the words "of mankind" for the words "United States of America," thus making us step-brothers to the Turk with his harem, the Hindu with his conjuring, the Chinaman with his wooden gods and the Jap with his cunning intrigues for racial equality, while many of the professors of history and political economy in the leading colleges of

the land, rhapsodize because "great oppressive empires have passed away and upon their ruins have sprung states full of young, buoyant life."

**Patriotism Doesn't Hide Cad.**  
But after President Wilson began his idealistic offensive which had for its purpose the driving of a wedge between the "subject peoples" and the central powers and set forth his celebrated fourteen points, one of which pointed the way whereby various ones might escape the wrath to come and the restoration payments to follow, the whole of Mitteleuropa suddenly turned into subject peoples attempting to express a just national aspiration. But the garb of patriotism was not fashioned to hide the political cad. When law and order is finally restored in these "states full of buoyant life," which at the moment have taken for their national flag the miserable emblem of anarchy, be not surprised if it be a one-man despotism. There are worse governments than a benevolent despotism. One such is a republic before its time.

It is this all too prevalent disposition to arrange living facts in accord with non-existent moralities that constitutes the very grave danger to the future of our own government; that renders it difficult to get the average citizen to listen to plain facts and common reason. Just as the cause for this singular situation centers in one man so does the hope for relief. This phenomena in American political life is the result of six years of very unusual leadership. Always we have had the pacific, non-resistant, ultra-idealistic element, but never before has that element had a leader in the white house, and never before has it

had the opportunity to become a national cult. Always before it has been silenced by the onrushing waves of patriotism before it could make itself heard.

**Wilson His High Priest.**  
But for four years President Wilson was his high priest. All during the Mexican difficulties, which became acute soon after his inauguration, he fed and nourished it with wonderful phrases. This situation grew in intensity after the world war broke in 1914 with the result that in our history became the major sentiment of the nation and the president won his re-election on that issue. Then came the time when he faced the most embarrassing situation that can come to a great leader—the necessity of about facing. War could not be escaped. He was compelled to fight. He was forced to public admission that the things he believed in, the beautiful sentiments he had been advocating, just wouldn't fit into the world that existed all about him. So he became a war president by force of circumstances but never by conviction. Always he has clung to the idea that war is unnecessary—escapable.

The oneness of purpose of the allied nations during the war, but proved to the president the correctness of his convictions, and his zeal for the league of nations, the age-old dream for a parliament of man, but burned the brighter. In this idealistic state of mind he went abroad preaching the brotherhood of man, determined to accomplish just one thing: a league of nations that would make war obsolete. I pay most respectful homage to the immaculateness of the conception.

It will probably bring down on my head an avalanche of adverse criticism when I say that the greatest, the most unconscious inculcator of bolshevism the world has known was Woodrow Wilson during his pilgrimage.

and I have read the testimony of at least a score of reliable Americans to the effect that in many of the shrines of Europe the lithograph of Woodrow Wilson occupied a place of honor beside the Holy Mother while the devotees of both kept sacred candles ever burning!

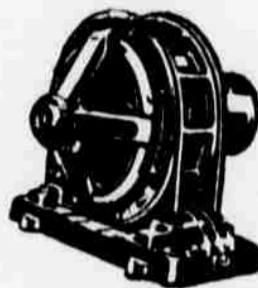
In this state of mind, believing more or less in the propriety of the role with which his worshipers had clothed him, the president returned to Paris and came to earth among the horse traders of Europe.

By force of his great popularity and by waving to committees all dangerous points raised, he was finally enabled to get a rough draft of the league constitution with which to return to his native land. And no crusader of old ever returned with greater zeal. When it was timidly suggested that there might be some

age of speech making among the peoples of Europe, but never have I written a statement in which I more fully believed. It was a hideous, ghastly mistake! Those people are not Americans. Their minds function differently, their concepts of government and liberty are different. The president's mind, running in one channel, gave voice to certain words; his auditors, with minds running in an entirely different channel, gave those words a construction diametrically opposed to their purpose.

**Savior of Humanity.**  
Mind you, the presidential advance agent, George Creel, had advertised him as the "Liberator of Mankind," the "Savior of Humanity," the "Friend of the Common People," throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Such window cards as I have referred to earlier in the text of this paper were draped in every window.

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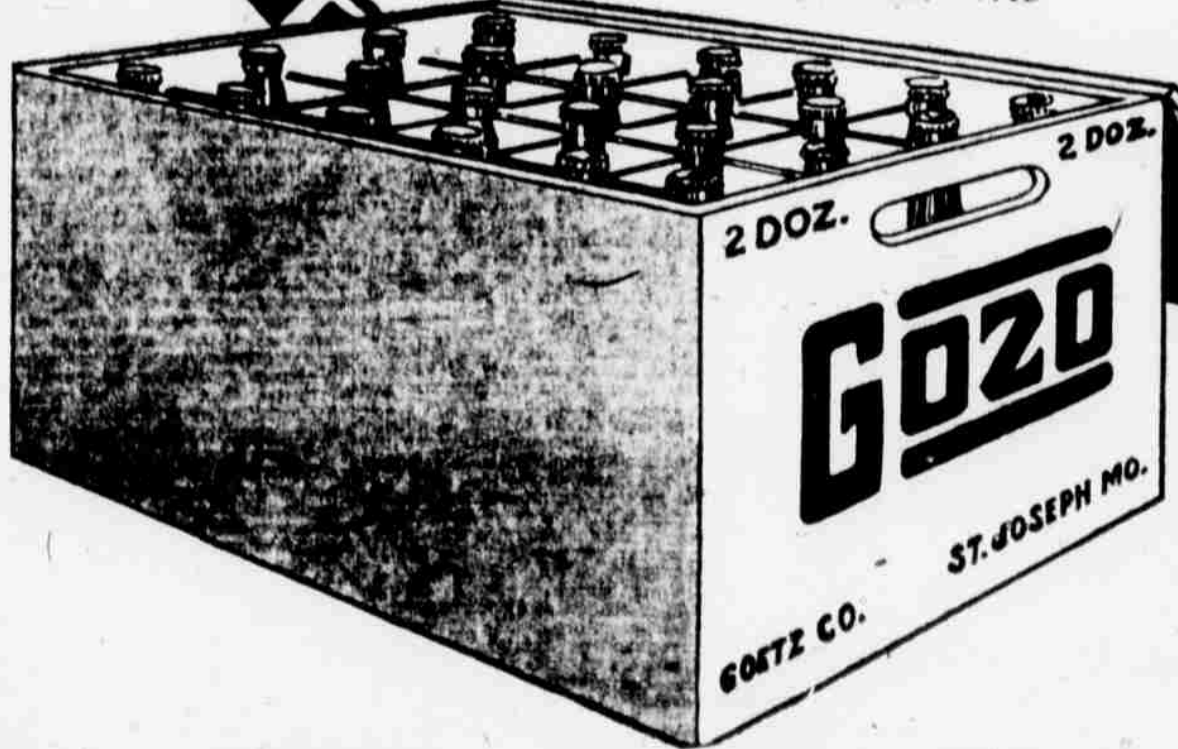
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